The Deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrew'd Steele againſt our Golden Crowne,
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall,for Heaven ſtill guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord,how farre off lyes your power ?

Salisb. Nor neere,nor farther off,my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but deſpaire:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all my happy dayes on Earth :
Oh call backe Yeſter day, bid time returne,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men :
To day, to day, unhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State.
For all the VVelch-men hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace ſo pale ?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thouſand Men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till ſo much blood thither come againe,
Have I not reaſon to looke pale, and dead ?
All ſoules that will be ſafe, flye from my ſide,
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my ſelfe. Am I not King ?
Awake thou ſluggard Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt :
Is not the Kings Name forty thouſand Names ?
Arme, arme my Name : a puny ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King : are we not high ?
High be our thoughts : I know my Vncle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to ſerve our turne,
But who comes here ? *Enter Scroope.*

Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my Liege,
Then

Then can my care-tun'd tongue
Rich. Mine eare is open,and my
The worſt is worldly loſſe, the
Say,Is my Kingdome loſt ? why
And what loſſe is it to be rid of
Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as gr
Greater he ſhall not be : If he
Wee'l ſerve him too ; and be his
Revolt our ſubjects ? That we
They breake their Faith to Go
Cry Woe,Deſtruction,Ruine,L
The worſt is Death,and death w
Scroope. Glad am I,that your
To beare the tidings of Calam
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy da
Which make the ſilver Rivers d
As if the world were all diſſolu
So high, above his Limits, ſwel
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your
With hard bright Steele,and he
White Beares have arm'd their
Againſt thy Majeſty, and boye
Strive to ſpeake bigge , and cla
In ſtiffe unwieldy Armes : againſ
Thy very Beadſmen learne to b
Of double fatall Eugh : againſt t
Yea Diſtaffe-VVomen manage
Againſt thy Seat both young an
And all goes worſe then I have
Rich. Too well,too well thou
VVhere is the Earle of Wiltſh
VVhat is become of *Buſhy* ? wh
That they have let the dangero
Meaſure our Confines with ſuch
If we prevaile, their hands ſhal
I warrant they haue made peace
Scroope. Peace have they mad
Lord.)

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